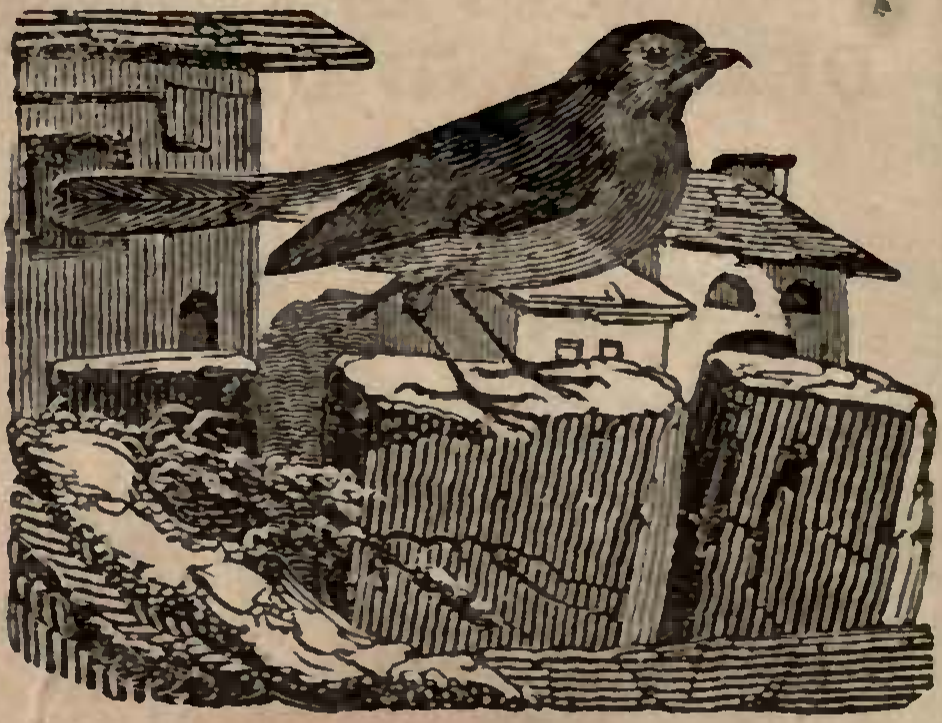
Playing.

Merrily we shout and sing,
Merrily we pass our time,
Merrily the bell does ring
Which tells us it is time to dine.



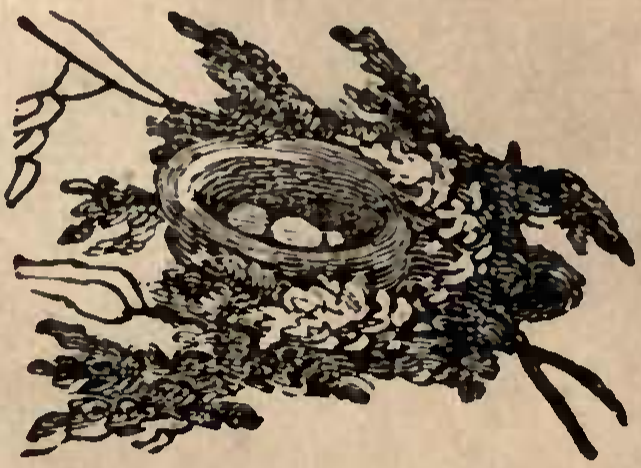
Little bird, with bosom red,
Welcome to our humble shed;
Daily near our table steal,
While we pick our scanty meal:
Doubt not, little though there be,
But we'll cast a crumb to thee.

THE

DEATH AND BURIAL

OF

COCK ROBIN.



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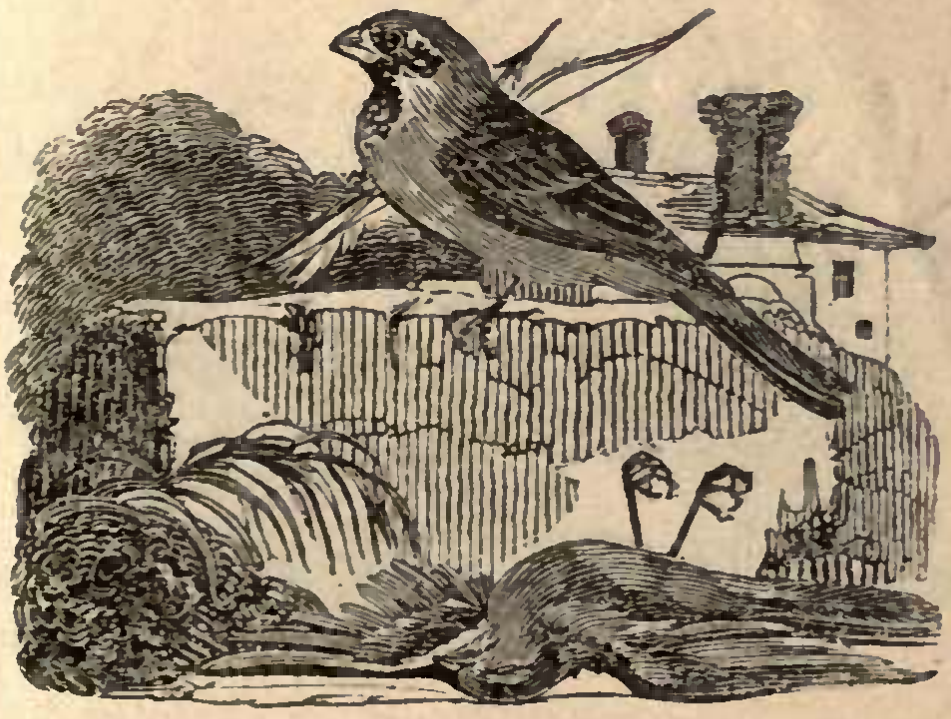
CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION

LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

COCK ROBIN.

Who kill'd Cock Robin?
I, said the Sparrow,
With my little Arrow,
I kill'd Cock Robin.



This is the Sparrow,
With his Bow and Arrow.

Who saw him die?
I, says the Fly,
With my little Eye,
I saw him die.

This is the Fly,
With his little Eye.

Who caught his Blood ?
I said the Fish,
In my little Dish,
I caught his Blood.

This is the Fish,
With his little Dish.

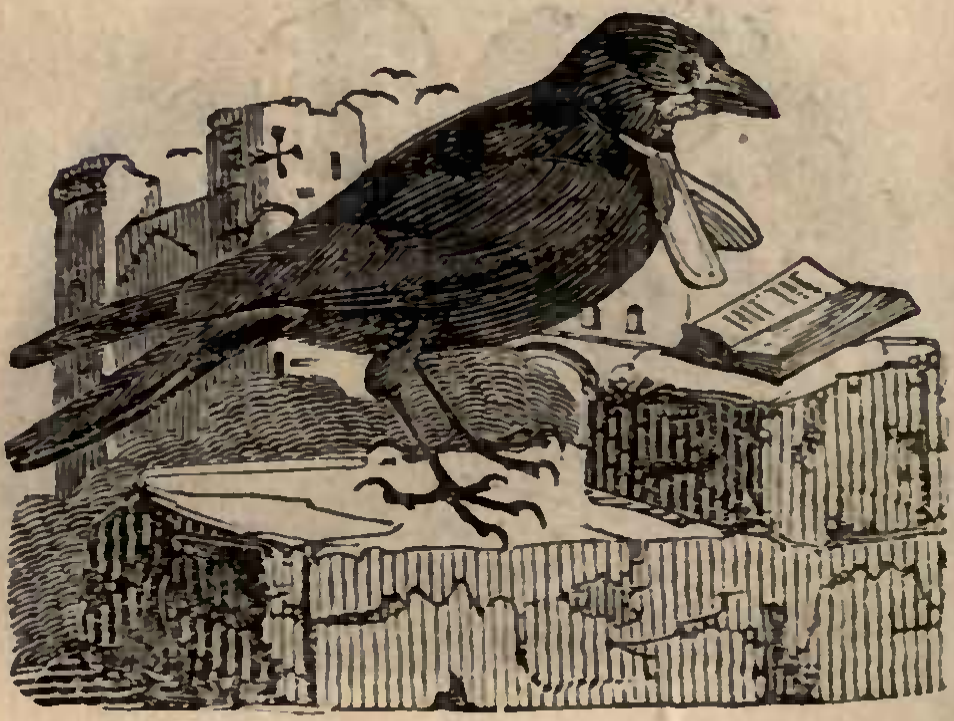
Who'll make his Shroud ?
I, says the Beetle,
With my little Needle,
I'll make his Shroud.

This is the Beetle
With his Thread and Needle.

Who'll dig his Grave?
I, says the Owl,
With my Spade and Tool,
I'll dig his Grave.

This is the Owl
With his Spade and Tool.

Who'll be the Parson?
I, says the Rook,
With my little Book,
I'll be the Parson.

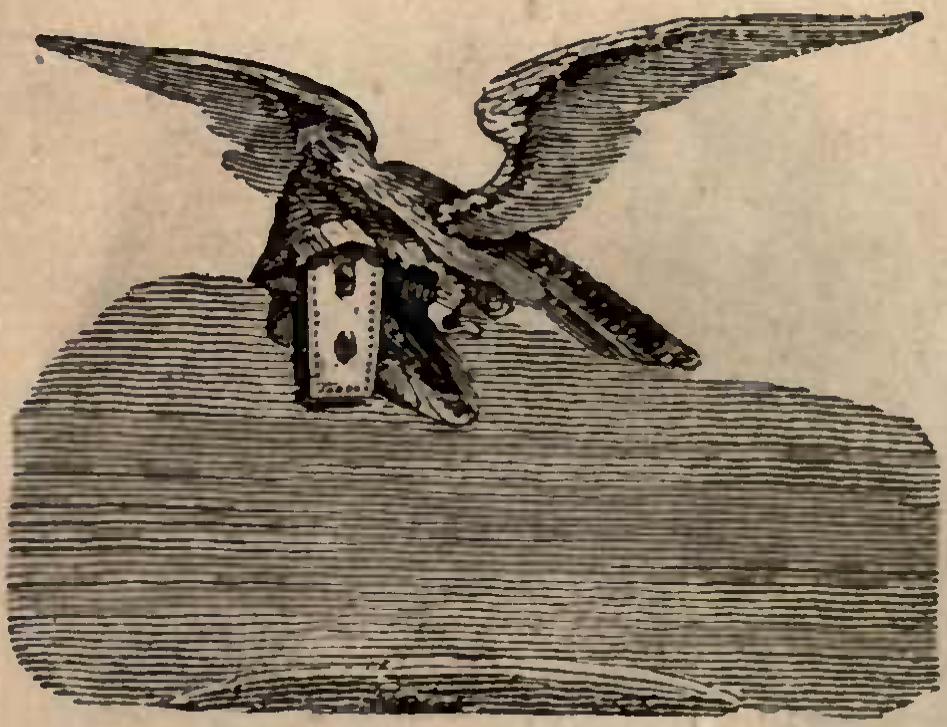


This is the Rook
With his little Book.

Who'll be the Clerk ?
I, says the Lark,
If it's not in the dark,
I'll be the Clerk.

This is the Lark
Who said Amen in the dark.

Who'll carry him to his Grave ?
I, says the Kite,
If it's not in the night,
I'll carry him to the Grave.

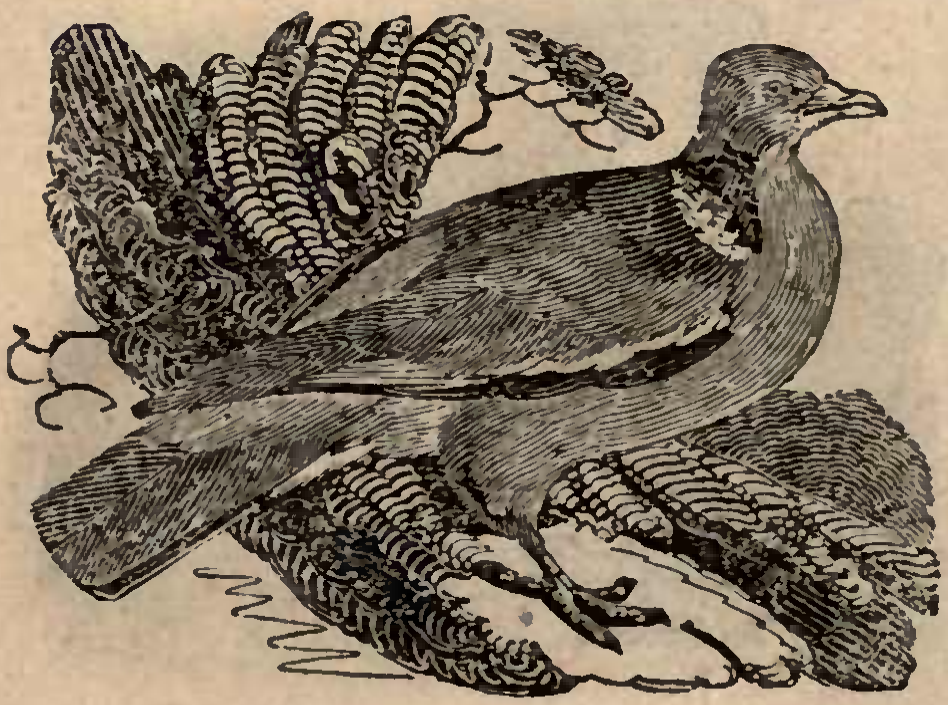


This is the Kite
With the Coffin by night.

Who'll carry the Link?
I says the Linnet,
I'll fetch it in a minute,
And I'll carry the Link.

This is the Linnet
With the Link in a minute.

Who'll be the chief Mourner?
I, quoth the Dove,
For I mourn for my love,
I'll be chief Mourner.

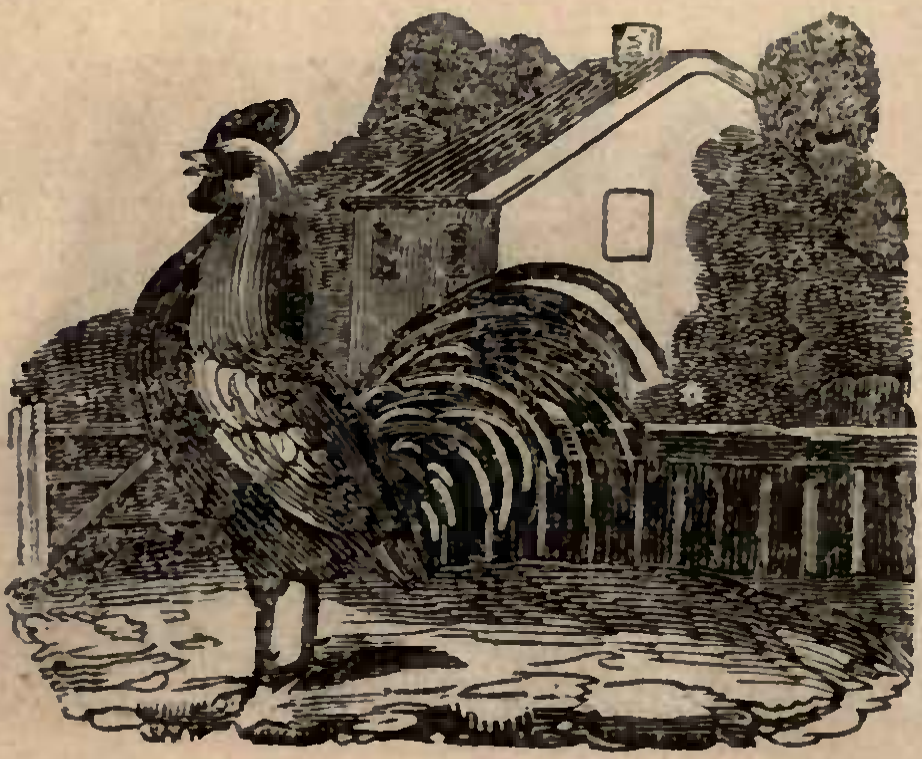


This is the Dove
That mourned for her love.

Who'll bear the Pall ?
We, says the Wren,
Both the Cock and the Hen,
We'll bear the Pall.

Here's the Wren
Both Cock and Hen.

Who'll go before ?
I, says Chanticleer,
For I don't fear,
I'll go before.



Here's Chanticleer,
Who does not fear.

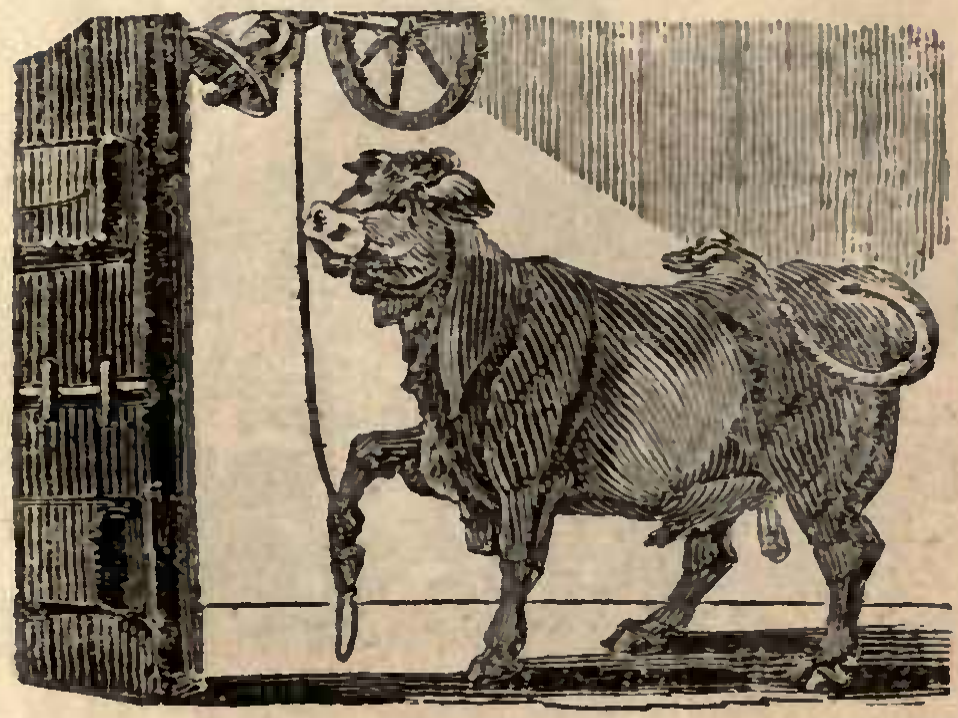
Who'll sing a Psalm ?
I, says the Thrush,
As she sat in a bush,
I'll sing a Psalm.

Here is the Thrush
Singing a Psalm in a bush.

Who'll throw in the Dirt ?
I, says the Fox,
Tho' I steal Hens and Cocks,
I'll throw in the Dirt.

This is the Fox
That steals Hens and Cocks.

Who'll toll the Bell?
I, says the Bull,
Because I can pull,
I'll toll the Bell.



This is the Bull
That the Bell does pull.

And all the Birds in the air
Fell to sighing and sobbing,
When they heard the bell toll
For poor Cock Robin.

These are the Birds
That are sighing and sobbing,
Now they hear the bell toll
For poor Cock Robin.

The Robin's Lamentation for the loss of her mate.

Thou cruel sparrow,
Thy pointed dart
Has robbed me
Of half my heart.

Ah! he is no more
Who us'd with me to fly,
He is slain, he is gone,
And I follow, I die.

Having warbled out these sentiments in the most melancholy notes imaginable, she dropped from the spray and expired.

On the shortness of life.

LIKE as a damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning to the day;
Or like the sun, or like the shade:
Or like the gourd which Jonas had.

Even such is Man ! whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so 'tis done,
Withers the rose ; the blossom blasts ;
The flower fades ; the morning hastes ;
The sun is set ; the shadows fly ;
The gourd consumes—the mortals die.

Henry Mozley and Sons, Printers, Derby.

The Horse.

Poor Dobbin, that toils with his load,
Or gallops with master or man,
Don't lash him so fast on the road,
You see he does all that he can.